

THE SOUL JUGGLER.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Violet Gunner, wife of Mark Gunner, a rich man who has a shop with Harry Vane, who is possessed of strange occult powers. They have Beatrice, Marks and Violet's little daughter, along. Mark pursues them to Australia, where Vane has been sent to minister to his new charges. Mark lets an old man, De Vere, is drawn in the quicksand. Mark discovers that the man, the real count, is still alive. He has assumed the name and estate, and is living in desperation at Sydney, Australia. He also learns that Violet is dead.

Mark says his case before a doctor, who is an expert in psychology. The doctor's message is good news, but not good news. The doctor is the physical counterpart of Mark. He comes to see his wife and child. On the way he meets Harry Vane, who has arrived to see his wife and child. His soul goes back to the dead body, just as the police come to arrest him for the murder.

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CHAPTER XI.

Which Is the Murder?

THE period of unconsciousness must have been brief. Probably it only lasted during the moment or two in which the doctor's influence recalled me from Snowdon Villa back to the surgery.

Then, as in a confused mist, I looked at the inanimate white-headed form which lay back in the operating chair and was immediately conscious of a revulsion of feeling. I seemed to struggle against the doctor's efforts to reanimate that body. For my young, ardent spirit to be again incarcerated in such a form was most repulsive to me.

THE CREATION OF A SOUL.



"Then, as in a confused mist, I looked at the inanimate white-headed form, which lay back in the operating chair."

had struck the blow, but it was by my will and direction.

"Don't you feel sorry for what has occurred?" said the doctor, looking me full in the face with a somewhat stern expression.

"No, I cannot say that I exactly feel sorry, but I realize that it was a mistake, and were it possible I would recall the blow and its consequences. I may be more or less responsible, but I must feel some strained by what has happened."

"I wanted the doctor to go with me at once to visit the prisoner, for, having come to this decision, I was impatient to carry it out without further loss of time. I assure you, however, that I took the responsibility of my own soul, and remain there and let this body be made."

"And what should I do with the corpse of John Vernon?" asked the doctor.

"'No, sir,' he said, without saying a word.

"I will do nothing of the sort. I have had a narrow squeak," he said.

"I thought at one time I would hardly bring you to again. It never occurred to me that the absence of a human soul would be so pernicious to the body during the clairvoyant state. I have had to keep up respiration and heart action by artificial means during the whole time. I never ought to have made such an experiment."

"I was naturally very much exhausted, and could at first say very little in reply. He saw this and gave me some brandy, and then half carried me to a couch and assisted me to lie down, covering me over with a rug.

"You had better sleep for half an hour," he said.

"I found on waking that I had slept for several hours and was quite restored. The doctor had been out, but had returned again. He invited me into his dining-room, where I found dinner laid for four. He then introduced me to his wife and daughter as Mr. Vernon, and we talked upon general subjects.

"After dinner he asked me into his study for a cigar and a chat.

"You feel quite yourself again now, do you not?" he commenced.

"No, I don't feel that I am myself," I replied. "I feel that I am John Vernon again, worse luck."

"Ah! Of course that's what I mean," said the doctor.

"Now, it won't excite you overmuch, will it, to talk of what has transpired to-day," he continued.

"I don't think so," I replied.

"Have you any recollection?" he asked, "of what happened while you were clairvoyant?"

The doctor did not reply. (To Be Continued.)

I had a kind of personal possession. I know now, however, that it was merely the uncontrolled and debased instincts of my own lower nature run wild, and that there could be no more responsibility or accountability than in that case. There was no occasion without a captain in charge, possibly, of an impossible crew.

"I sought the doctor early next morning with the axioms of a vagrant race, and he denied the strange position of things long and earnestly.

"He upbraided me for not having controlled myself better on the previous day and strenuously endeavored to make my mind accountable than in that case.

"It is too dangerous," he said. "Besides, it is plain that you are not to be trusted. Good heavens! you would implicate me and I should be ruined—permanently."

"What is to be done, then?" I asked.

"First of all, I think that we had better both of us visit him; something may suggest itself. Besides, you will have the animal with your soul instincts and reason and feeling, and 'the thing,' as you call it, is a part of yourself—and you have no knowledge whatever of the exterior world. That matinee was a huge theatrical Christmas tree."

You see it was a special matinee, and the Doolies and the Daisies and the Elaines and the Evans and the Percys and the Etheldrites and the Claudes, from the Star Theatre on the south to the Criterion on the north, turned out to see what it would amount to. That matinee was a huge theatrical Christmas tree.

A young man named Harrison J. Wolfe was responsible for the matinee, although Sam S. Shubert, manager of the Herald Square, gave him the use of the house. This donation was in accordance with Mr. Shubert's policy.

"Give 'em a chance," said Mr. Shubert just before "Sold and Paid For" was produced at his house at a special matinee three weeks ago. "I like to encourage budding genius. The more we get, the merrier, my boy!"

It was merely through my having drawn a tooth from your other self's jaw, I fear you will have to prepare yourself for some great suffering—possibly even death—should your native he hang?"

"This was a new idea to me and I felt greatly disconcerted. Not that I feared death, but I shrank from the thought of the gravity of the offense and the fact that it might inflict upon both myself and Violet and Beatrice. I was greatly

anxious about my wife and child."

"I do," I replied, and I shuddered at the thought.

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